





## OUR COMPLETE SHORT STORY —

## DEEP WITHIN MY HEART

By LEIGH HAYDEN

**M**AUD HAWTHORN liked one of the apples from the pan and smelted it. "Well, I took her back to childhood, the happiness of which, in memory, was never real to me, and that's the reason I like her."

She smiled as she thought of her boards—and of what her friends would say if they knew she was married to a board. "But those two were just made for each other! Steve, a grocer, a down-to-earth boy, a type A, and I, a stenographer. That was all I had known about Ann—what a pair they'd make! Good-looking! Steve tall, dark and blond. But Steve wasted his time helping her in the garden, when he might be getting things done with Ann."

Maud slipped the apple into her lunch cruse, covered them with a napkin and carried them to the crusty man, and passed the pie into the oven. Time to start dinner!

As she pulled a tray of bread out of the oven, she thought she heard her name. She felt in her apron pocket. No, it wasn't there! What had she done with it? She was in Steve's room during the time the card for the greeting card verse came to her, and she sat on his bed to write it down. And then the phone had rung and she had answered it. She'd like to tell someone in the mall to a greeting card company. "Fine," she'd said. "I'll go up to the mall! How did it go?"

"To my Sweet Love."

"Deep within my heart I hide  
Dreams of you that fill my soul.  
Worried by some written word,  
Let me know that you'll be mine?"

That was it.

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